

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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### OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

#### VOL. II.—CHAP. IV.

*Mrs. Pawlet's sentiments on our animal nature.—The parson alarmed.—Miss Phyllis reprimanded.—Whether laughter is peculiar to man.—Mrs. Pawlet thinks otherwise.—Family jokes.—The Marseillois hymn.—Mrs. Pawlet's comment on it.—Variations.—Likenesses.—Who is she?—An accident, luckily of a laughable nature.—How always to keep well.—Which way to give advice.—Peter's legs.*

AT table Mr. and Mrs. George Pawlet presided; the former sat at the bottom, and on his right hand the parson's wife, by whose side were seated Barclay and Miss Phyllis; the latter, of course, at the head of the table, had on her right hand the parson, and next to him master Stephen and Penelope.

The fare was sumptuous; and the parson in excellent spirits, with his usual good humour, endeavoured to inspire every one with the same propensity to conviviality that he felt himself.

Master Stephen was troublesomely attentive to his neighbour. Barclay paid every proper respect to his; but could not recover the serenity of his mind. Still he was not miserable, for he was in the company of Penelope; and the looks they constantly exchanged, made the festive board to them a feast of exquisite relish. The merchant, according to custom, was reserved, and said little; his wife did the same, but not for want of good will, in which she was prevented by the loquacity

of her learned sister, who refused to eat any thing, saying she had dined before.

"Like other animals," added she, "I eat when I am hungry, and so it formerly was with man,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran!"

I see not why we should do otherwise now. I am convinced that every thing animals do, to which they are prompted by nature is right. Why should we not follow them in gratifying hunger as we do in other things? In our animal nature we have all things in common with the brute creation: we eat like them, we drink like them, we breathe like them——"

The parson became agitated.

"We sleep like them; we——"

"My dear! my dear!" exclaimed the parson, looking at her with a face that always disarmed her; for at the same time that it told her not to go on, it seemed to petition it for her own sake.

She stopt.

Master Stephen and his sister burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Phyllis, my love!" cried her mother, sharply, "what are you laughing at?"

Phyllis looked foolish, and was dumb.

Master Stephen, however, continuing his broad grin, Mrs. Pawlet neglected her former subject, and reprimanded his mirth as not only unpolite, but, as she expressed it, "symptomatic of idiotism."

"But perhaps," said she, "you will tell me that to laugh is the peculiar privilege of man. If you think so, young gentleman, you are wrong. I know, indeed, that Lucian observes, that an ass is not a laughing animal; but I know also that he is opposed in this opinion by another author, who declares that an ass can laugh; and from what I see," continued she, "I am much inclined to believe that he is in the right."

At these words master Stephen dropt his chin, and Mrs. Pawlet, in her turn enjoyed the triumph.

The dinner being ended, the ladies, after taking a few glasses of wine, retired, and with the rest, Mrs. Pawlet, who was fearful of exposing her learning to the pertness and folly of the young gentleman.

When they were gone, master Stephen placed himself in the chair opposite the merchant, and began to push the wine about; and the conversation being a little slack, (for the merchant was always a lost and silent man whenever any of his family was present,) he retailed several of the scandalous tales of the village, which seemed to entertain him vastly. But perceiving, for he was in no need of what Bacon calls *crooked wisdom*, namely, *cunning*, that they were not relished by his companions, he soon desisted, and the conversation became more general; which, like most other general conversation, scarcely worth listening to, and never worth reciting, I shall not repeat. They had barely time, however, to warm themselves with their wine, before they were summoned to tea. On entering the drawing-room, they were received with a profusion of bows and compliments from the Abbe, who had joined the party. The ceremony being over, he resumed his place by the side of Mrs. George, who was looking over some music. The young ladies were occupied in making the tea and coffee, in which they were assisted, or rather interrupted, by master Stephen. The parson and Barclay drew their chairs close to the tea-things, and partook of the chat of the table. At one corner of the room, in his arm-chair, sat the merchant, in a state of moody silence; and at another was seated Mrs. Pawlet, who, soon after they were met together, exclaimed,

"*Allons, Monsieur l'Abbe, le Marseillois !*"

The Abbe instantly rose, and smiling as complacently as his features would permit him, took his violincello, and accompanied by Mrs. George at her own desire, played the Marseillois hymn, which seemed to give Mrs. George so much pleasure, that she could not help occasionally chanting some of the words, such as, *Allons enfants de la patrie*, and *Aux armes citoyens !* which she did so unharmoniously, as to commit a horrid violence on Mrs. George's musical ear. When it was over, she exclaimed,

"Well, I do not wonder, Mr. Temple, at the effect this martial air produced on the French nation; it reminds me strongly of that poem of Solon, beginning with, '*Let us march to Salamis !*' which inspired the Athenians with courage to return to the attack of a place they had abandoned and despaired of conquering.

"Yes, madam," replied Barclay, "and such was the ardour and intrepidity excited in the Lacedaemonians, by the warlike strains of Tyrtæus, '*Our country's voice invites the brave !*' &c."

This pleased Mrs. Pawlet, and the jealous Abbe hated him for it. She now continued on the same head until the tea-things were removed, when perceiving that her sister was preparing to play, she rose, and taking a candle, withdrew to the farther end of the room, where she sat for the remainder of the evening, making diagrams in her pocket-book, without taking the least notice of any thing that passed.

The merchant, whose only amusement was a game at whist, in which he was seldom indulged, observing what was going on, looked unusually gloomy. His wife seeing this, soon hit upon a method of bringing him into a better humour.

It is astonishing what trifles will sometimes sour and sweeten the dispositions of the best-tempered, and the crossdest of men. I knew a very lusty man, of not the gentlest nature in the world, who used always to stay in the room till the last, that he might say, "though *last*, not *least*;" and if this jest told well, he was pleasant and agreeable for the remainder of the day. Indeed there are *family jokes* in every house, which, let the master crack, and every thing will go on smoothly. I have said that the merchant was true *bull*, therefore, though a little melancholy, he did not want his great characteristic, *humour*, which would shew itself sometimes, like the sun peeping from behind a cloud in a

• Lowth's Lectures on Hebrew Poesy.

showery day, but very rarely, and then not very brilliantly. His wife, (and what wife does not!) knew full well her husband's weak part, and always attacked him on it when occasion required. Turning now to him therefore, she said, while fingering the instrument,

"Well, Mr. Pawlet, how shall I amuse you? I'll play as you please. Here's the Celestina, the Dulciana, and a variety of other stops. Which stop do you like best?"

"Which?" he replied, hoarsely, "why when you leave off!"

Here, though a serious man, and though he had cracked the joke a thousand times, he held his sides, and roared out, "haw! haw! haw!"

His wife pretended to laugh too, as did also the Abbe, although they both knew what was coming, as well as they did, that they were laughing at the merchant, and not with him. Knowing that she should now be permitted to proceed, she dashed into the piece of her own composition which she had played before dinner, and, assisted by the Abbe's violincello, repeated it with redoubled fury.

Master Stephen and Miss Phyllis were not allowed to join; their mother's music being deemed too scientific for them.—No one was suffered to utter a word for five and twenty minutes, except our hero and Penelope, whose language not being that of the tongue, but of the heart, can very eloquently express itself by means of the eyes.

At length it terminated, when, notwithstanding the thrumming of the Abbe, who often overpowered the piano-forte, and was constantly warned with "not so loud, monsieur," the parson and the merchant were found fast asleep. Upon which master Stephen, having received a whisper from his sister, got up, and looking at the sleepers, cried,

"Who says that my mother can't compose?"

After this, a number of pieces were played, and amongst other productions of her own, Mrs. George favoured the company with what she called *her variations to God save the king*.—And she called them rightly, for they were variations in every sense of the word, since they preserved no more of *God save the king* in them than they did of *Alley Croaker*.

During the long time they lasted, master Stephen, who had the vanity to imagine every woman doated on him, was very attentive to Penelope; but his attentions were rather endured than enjoyed.

On the other hand, Miss Phyllis (who, by the bye, was never so ugly as when she attempted to look pretty) was endeavouring by all the graces and winning ways she could think of, to court the regard of Barclay. It being late in the evening, they took the liberty of talking a little more than they did in the early part of it, but still in whispers."

"Don't you think Miss Penelope pretty?" said she to Barclay; and before he could reply, she added, "Do you know I think the upper part of her face exceedingly like yours."

Barclay would have dwelt with rapture on her beauty, if it had not been for the latter part of the speech; but now he could merely say,

"Oh, miss! you laugh at me, surely.—There is just the same likeness between Miss Penelope and me, as between heaven and earth!"

"No, indeed!" she replied, "there is much more. My mother noticed it as well as myself. However, I must say that she has a knack at finding likenesses between every two persons she meets."

"There is no accounting for fancy," replied Barclay, "but if it is really so, it only proves that there may be a something even in ordinary faces that may resemble beauty."

"Beauty!" cried Miss Phyllis, drawing up her neck: "I said nothing about beauty:—she is pretty, but I can say no more."

"Then her mind and disposition—in gentleness and kindness," said Barclay, "how much do they resemble the worthy and amiable Mr. Pawlet's!"

"She is good-natured enough, to be sure," she replied, hastily, and somewhat displeased; for no woman ever begins to talk of another's charms, without expecting to have her own praised as far superior.

"But," continued Miss Phyllis, with a satirical gesture, "who is she?"

Barclay was all curiosity to pursue the subject, when the music finishing, interrupted any further private conversation between them, to his great mortification.

Monsieur l'Abbe, though employed during the evening in assisting Mrs. George, and turning over the music for her, was not without making his observations; and saw, with no small envy, that Barclay had so crept into the good graces of both the young and the old ladies, as to make him tremble for the interest he formerly had in them. He was too wary, however, to shew the least displeasure or uneasiness be-



fore our hero. He knew, from the old French motto, that *patience passe science*; and was resolved to exercise his, until a good opportunity should offer itself either to get rid of his rival, as he considered him, or to destroy his credit.

Now, after partaking of a cold collation, our friends prepared to return home, Peter and the gig were in waiting for Mrs. Pawlet; but she having again got into the subject of music, the Parson, Penelope and Barclay departed without her, supposing that she would soon overtake them. But in this they were deceived. As they approached the parsonage, the Parson began to express his inquietude lest any accident should have happened. However, accounting for the delay by recollecting that he had left her haranguing, he became less alarmed. But after waiting half an hour in the house without seeing any thing of her, it occurred to him, that Peter, who was in all probability intoxicated, could not find his way home. This no sooner struck him, than he resolved to go on the hills with a candle and lantern, and try whether he could see any thing of them. Penelope and Barclay readily accompanied him, or rather followed, while he preceded, groping his way with the light.

Penelope accepted Barclay's arm, and for the moment all his cares were consigned to oblivion. They conversed together—their tongues uttering something—nothing—they knew not what; until they were interrupted by the parson, who having reached the top of the hill, cried out to them to come to him.

"Bless me," said he, "I am frightened out of my wits—I certainly heard a noise just now—listen!"

They listened, and hearing it again, presently concluded that they must bend their steps towards the mount. As they proceeded, they heard the noise louder and louder, and on reaching Olympus, or the high hill, they distinguished Mrs. Pawlet's voice at the bottom.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed the parson; and they all hurried down as fast as they could, to her assistance. When they arrived, they beheld such a sight as never eye beheld before; for never before did lady dressed in a Roman habit, ride in a gig on mount Olympus.

It appeared that Peter, having taken a very uncommon dose of the merchant's best ale, had missed the turning which led to the parsonage, and taken that which carried them over the hills. Mrs. Pawlet was engaged in deep thought, and never perceived it, till it being dark, and Peter dri-

ving too near the edge of the mount, pitched the chaise over; when horse, gig, Mrs. Pawlet, and himself, in one indiscriminate scramble, rolled from the top to the bottom. Which got to the end first I cannot say; but it was a good race. Mrs. Pawlet roared lustily, until

Olympus vast re-bellow'd with the sound.†

She had not been able to extricate herself from the chaise, with which her Roman vest had entwined itself. Therefore she lay with the chaise in one place, near which stood the horse, free from the traces, grazing; and not far from him was Peter, extended on his back, snoring sonorously.

The parson hastened to relieve her, which he soon effected. The damage she had sustained was very immaterial, being fortunately only a little bruised; but her fright was so excessive as to make her entirely forget her eccentricities, and desire to be led quietly home. The chaise had suffered most; it was smashed to pieces. The horse was of that description, which, though hurt never so much, is never the worse for it. As for Peter, he was drunk, and of course no harm came to him. "Keep drunk, and you'll keep well," I have heard a bacchanalian say; and indeed, experience seems to confirm the truth of this saying; but still I only recommend it to those who like it. In truth, that's my way of recommending every thing to my friends. It is also the best way of giving advice, if you mean people to be pleased with you.

Nothing now remained to be done, but to rouse Peter from his nap, and to return home. While the Parson and Penelope stayed to comfort Mrs. Pawlet, Barclay, therefore, went in search of him for that purpose.

"Halloa, my man!" cried he, shaking him till he awoke.

"I ca—can't!" muttered Peter, half awake and half asleep.

"Can't, can't what?" said Barclay, still shaking him.

"I can't drink any more," he replied; "I can't indeed—honour!"

"No, no," rejoined Barclay, "that's not what we want. We want you to get up and go home."

"I can't," said Peter, struggling.

"No!" can't you do that neither?" replied Barclay.

"No, honour—honour—I can't."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because somebody has got hold of my legs," stammered Peter.

† Roborant sylvæque et magnis Olympus.

"The deuce they have!" cried our hero, "we'll soon see who it is."

Saying this, he ran to the Parson for the lantern, telling him that somebody had got hold of Peter's legs, and prevented his getting up.

Hurrying to his assistance, they perceived by the light of the lantern, that Peter had fallen asleep with his legs up to his knees, in a kind of bog or quagmire, which, not having sufficient strength to draw them from it, he imagined some one to be holding his legs.

This difficulty surmounted, they proceeded as well as they were able, to the parsonage. The Parson thanking Heaven all the way he went, that nothing worse had happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE,

With a CLIMAX.

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate\* my dear.

Mr. Souchong. I had much rather not, my duck.

But why not, my love?

Because I don't choose it, my sweet.

Not choose it, my darling!

I can't afford it, my precious.

Why not afford it, Mr. Souchong?

Because it is too expensive, Mrs. Souchong.

Expensive! why there is neighbour Jenkins and his whole family there now, *man*!

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be, *woman*.

I think, however, you need not go to abuse my friends, Sir.

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, *ma'am*.

Then if you won't go, I will; that's poz, *husband*!

And if you go, you don't have a penny from me, that's poz, *wife*.

\* A watering-place in England, resorted to by fashionable company.

Recipe for extracting spots of Ink from linen, &c.

Take a mould candle, the tallow of which is commonly of the purest kind; melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow: then put it to the wash. It will come perfectly clear from the hands of the laundress; and the spotted part will not be liable afterwards to break out into a hole, as it generally does by the common mode of using lemon-juice for this purpose.



*The Story of Makandal.*

(CONTINUED.)

THE great knowledge which Makandal had of simples, enabled him to discover in St. Domingo several poisonous plants; and by these above all he acquired great reputation. Without explaining the means which he made use of, he would foretel that such or such other male or female negro, who sometimes lived at the distance of fifty leagues from him, would die that very day, or the next morning; and those who heard him utter this denunciation, soon learned with terror that this prediction was accomplished.

The manner in which he committed crimes which were not discovered till carried to excess, was as follows: The negroes in general are very fond of commerce. There are great numbers of them who go about with European goods to the different plantations, like pedlars. Among these Makandal had his disciples and his zealous partizans; and it was by their means that he executed whatever good or bad action he wished to accomplish. The negroes are accustomed also to exercise the hospital virtues with the most religious care, and to partake of some food together when they see one another after the shortest absence. When Makandal was desirous of destroying any one, he engaged one of these pedlars, who was his friend, to present the person with some vegetables or fruit, which he said would occasion death to whoever tasted it. The person, instead of imagining that Makandal had poisoned the fruit, trembled at the power of the image which he had on his stick, and executed the orders of the pretended prophet, without daring to speak to any one; the victim expired, and the prescience of Makandal was every where extolled.

His friends always found in him a formidable revenger, and his rivals, his faithless mistresses, and above all, those who refused to grant him favours, were sure to fall a prey to his barbarity. But love, which had favoured him so much—love, for which he incessantly committed crimes without number, at length caused his destruction, and brought him to just punishment.

Makandal had with him two accomplices or assistants, who blindly devoted themselves to his service. One of them was named Teysselo, the other Myombe; and it is very probable that they alone were in part acquainted with the secret means

which he employed to make himself feared and respected.

It was generally to the high mountains of Margaux that he retired in the day time, and there, with those two chiefs, he assembled a number of other maroons. Upon the summits of these mountains, almost inaccessible, they had their wives and children, with well cultivated plantations; and armed troops of these plunderers came down sometimes, under the command of Makandal, to spread terror and devastation through the neighbouring plantations, or to exterminate those who had disobeyed the prophet.

Besides this, he had gained over several young negroes, who were able to give him an account of whatever passed upon the plantations to which they belonged, and among this number was Senegal Zami, aged eighteen, beautiful in shape as the Apollo of the Belvidere, and full of spirit and courage.

One Sunday, Zami, having gone to an entertainment, which was given at a plantation at the distance of three leagues from that of his master, saw, on his arrival, that the dancing was begun. A number of slaves, who stood in a ring, were beholding with transports of pleasure and admiration a young female of Congo, named Samba, who danced with delightful grace, and who, to enchanting looks, united the most engaging and timid modesty. Her figure was elegant, and in her motions, which were graceful and nimble, she resembled the tender and flexible reed, agitated by the freshening breeze. Her sparkling eyes, half concealed by long eye-lids, shot forth killing glances; the whiteness of her teeth exceeded that of snow, and her complexion, as black as ebony, still added to her incomparable charms. No sooner had Zami, beheld her, than he felt in his bosom the first impressions of love. At the same instant chance directed the beautiful eyes of Samba towards Zami, and she was wounded by the same dart which had just pierced the heart of the young negro.

When the dance was ended, these lovers sought each other's company, and enjoyed a few happy moments together, and when they were obliged to separate, they promised to visit one another as often as they possibly could. Labour employed each of them during the day, but when the sun sunk below the horizon they met at a private place, where, amidst a grove of odoriferous orange trees, on the turf, ever crowned with verdure, under a serene sky never obscured by clouds, in the presence of the sparkling orbs of heaven, and favoured by

the silence of night, they renewed the ardent testimonies of their affection, and comforted each other by the tenderest caresses for the necessity to which their situation reduced them of separating before returning Aurora should gild the skies.

This happiness continued for near six months, when Samba perceived that she was about to become a mother. It would be impossible to describe Zami's joy when he heard this news. He was still in the delirium of his intoxication, when on quitting Samba, at the break of day, and entering his hut, he found Makandal, who was ignorant of Zami's passion and good fortune. He addressed him in the following manner: "Zami, you know the formidable power of my image. Rejoice, then, that you have found grace in its sight, and you have merited its confidence. Go to such a plantation, seek for the beautiful Samba, who has hitherto disdained the vows of all her admirers, and who, for more than a year, has mortified me with continual refusals. Ask her to partake of some refreshments with you, and when she is about to eat, dextrously put this powder into her *calitou*.\* It will deprive Samba of life."

\* Soup, which the Negroes make of a kind of plant.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*"When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue; and look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds: but if the poor man speak, they say, 'What fellow is this?'"*

From what cause proceeds that universal veneration, which men tacitly pay to wealth? We certainly cannot entertain a belief that it exalts or ennobles its possessor, because the contrary is fully established by experience. Almost every one is convinced, that the accession of riches, so far from exalting the mind, encumbers it with a load of follies, to which the poor man is happily a stranger. Of these facts we cannot entertain a doubt; yet, "when a rich man speaketh, every one holdeth his tongue; and look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds."

How strange it is that ignorance should be transmuted into wisdom, by proceeding from the mouth of a man, who has fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. Perhaps gold possesses an inherent power, similar to that of the magnet, by which it attracts the hearts, and rivets the attention of mankind. It must be so; else why those repeated acclamations of applause, these anxious attentive looks, with which an audi-



once accompany the words of every wealthy fool?

But should a poor man, who, as the poet says, "is unknown to fame," presume to obtrude his opinions or observations upon the public, each eye that is turned upon him darts indignation; the exclamation of "What fellow is this!" is heard from every mouth; what though sound sense, and dignified wisdom adorn his flowing periods, he is poor; and that in the world's estimation is sufficient to blast and counteract his views.

This predilection of mankind is peculiarly unfortunate for young authors; who have neither gold nor interest to support their pretensions:—tho' their works may possess intrinsic merit, they have to encounter the frowns of the public; every pretended critic lashes them without mercy; their excellencies are either concealed, or exclaimed against, as failings.

But if a young adventurer should stand these repeated shocks, unmoved, and rise superior to the malice of his enemies; should he aspire to fame, and obtain the palm of reputation; should fortune smile upon his efforts, and shower down riches on his head, how wonderful would be the change; every blemish would then be extolled to the clouds, as models of elegance and beauty. What now is unworthy of being perused, would then claim the attention of the most profound scholars and critics of the age; those passages which are now obscure, would then be considered as clear and explicit.

"The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all." Surely this consideration of the natural equality of mankind, should repress the exuberant pride of our hearts, and teach us that humility and condescension to our fellow mortals, which is truly beautiful, and which best becomes us, as the descendants of one common father.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late war, an ox was roasted in Boston, in honour of Gen Dumourier's success against the combined powers. A few days after, the boys of Cambridge, animated with the like spirit, caught a large rat, formed a procession, and roasted him in open day. During the performance of the rites, the question of "what are those boys doing?" was asked with some earnestness: "Oh, says a gentleman, who was a spectator of the scene, they are only RAT-IFYING the civic proceedings of the people of Boston."

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION AMONG THE IRISH.

(From a letter of the late Rev. Samuel Pearce, written while at Dublin, in the year 1796.)

"THE inhabitants of Dublin seem to be chiefly composed of two classes; the one assume the appearance of opulence the other exhibit marks of the most abject poverty; and as there are no parishes in Ireland which provide for the poor, many die every year for want of the necessaries of life.

"Most of the rich are by profession Protestants, the poor are nearly all Papists, and strongly prejudiced against the reformed religion. Their ignorance and superstition are scarcely inferior to your miserable Hindoos. On midsummer day, I had an affecting proof of the latter. On the public road, about a mile from Dublin, is a well, which was once included in the precincts of a priory, dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem. This well is in high repute for curing a number of bodily complaints, and its virtues are said to be most efficacious on the saint's own day. So from twelve o'clock at night, for twenty-four hours, it becomes the rendezvous for all the lame, blind, and otherwise diseased people, within a circuit of twenty miles. Here they brought old and young, and applied the "holy water," both internally and externally; some by pouring, some by immersion, and all by drinking; whilst, for the good of those who could not come in person, their friends filled bottles with the efficacious water to use at home. Several I saw on their knees before the well, at their devotions, who were not unfrequently interrupted with a glass of whiskey. With this they were supplied from a number of dealers in that article who kept standings all around the well.

"Near the spot was a church-yard, where great numbers kneeled upon the tombs of their deceased relative, and appeared earnestly engaged in praying for the repose of their souls."

THE TYRANT.

MULY Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, killed, with his own hand, during the time he reigned, forty thousand of his subjects; yet he was in a particular manner attached to justice. One of his officers complained to him, that his wife, when in ill humour, had a custom of pulling him by the beard;—the emperor was so provoked at the impudence of this woman, that, in order to

prevent her from again offending the majesty of his officer's countenance, he caused the hairs of his beard to be plucked out, one by one, by the roots. He once saw another of his officers on the road, driving a flock of sheep before him: "Whose sheep are these?" interrogated the Emperor; the officer replied, with the deepest reverence, "O Ismael son of Elcheriff, of the seed of Hassan, they are mine." Thine, villain?" said the servant of the Lord, as the Emperor is styled, "thine? I thought I was the only proprietor in my dominion," and immediately thrusting his lance through the heart of the unfortunate sheep-driver, divided his flock among his guards. The only good deed that Muley Ismael, seems to have done in his life, was the deliverance of his empire from numerous bands of robbers; but even this only good action, bore the stamp of his sanguinary character. He ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, of a wide extent of country, round every place where a robbery had been committed. When he gave audience to foreign ministers, he was usually on horse back, in an open court; round him stood his several officers barefooted, trembling, bowed to the ground, and, at every word he uttered, they repeated in chorus, "Great is the wisdom of our Lord, and the voice of our Lord is as the voice of an Angel from Heaven." But their lord never dismissed an ambassador till he had given him ocular demonstration of his readiness and dexterity in murdering some of his subjects; and this entertainment generally concluded the ceremonies of audience.

GOOD FORTUNE OF AN ENGLISH SERJEANT.

A Serjeant of the guards now lying in the Upper Barracks at Chatham, some time since received a farthing in change for some articles he bought at one of the shops in the Barracks, which, upon examination, proved to be one of the only three which were coined in Queen Ann's reign. He was offered 50l. for it immediately, which he refused and carried it to London, where he got 4000l. and a discharge from his regiment. The remaining two farthings, it seems, have been found some time since.

[Lon. Pap.]

It was a shrewd observation of Dr. Franklin, that many one "paid dear, very dear for their whistle."



The following remarks on PHYSIOGNOMY, will be found to contain sound philosophical reasoning, mixed with some conjecture, and a considerable portion of humour. They appear to be written by one who is pretty well acquainted with the human heart, and the secret and multifarious workings of the passions, with their effects on the countenance; as well as with the power of the imagination. The application the writer makes of the whole, is interesting to all, particularly to the lovely fair,

Whose sparkling eyes should only pleasure beam,  
Whose cheek, whose lip, whose ev'ry feature,  
Should mildness shew;

And innocence and peace in their fair bosoms dwell.

On account of its length, we can give little more than the introductory part this week, and must defer the conclusion till the next number.

#### FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MANY have been the attempts, and earnest the endeavours which have been used, to find out a cure for unhandsome faces: much has been done in the way of washes, patches, paints, and such like external applications, and much has been said in praise of their pretended efficacy; but said in vain: for we still meet ugly faces, and have still to lament the unavailing use of these remedies, and to blame with liberal censure the taciturnity of the happy few who possess the art of curing. The ill success of that numerous and most respectable host of male and female practitioners that have gone before us, would damp the ardour of the most confident enquirer, were it not certain that the most important discoveries have been made by accident, and consequently that it may be his good fortune to be in the way of one. As I am concerned for the more amiable sex, the nature of the motive will render my endeavours at least laudable, and the difficulty of the subject may apologize for my ill success, if my labours should be unproductive. But we must here check that exuberance of expectation, which the novelty and importance of the subject would naturally excite. We are not to hope that our remedy can revolutionize the features, and produce an immediate metamorphosis of the countenance: we by no means promise to alter, instantly, and in a sensible degree, the disproportion of noses, by elevating some into aquiline dignity, or pruning away the towering luxuriance of others; by giving more latitude to those, or elongating these into a comfortable mediocrity. We are also far from hoping to pluck up by the roots, warts,

wens, and carbuncles; nor can we flatter any patient with the hopes of acquiring a florid complexion, prominent and sparkling eye, dimpled cheek or rosy lips, nor solace her with the recovery of a single tooth,—these are all above the reach of our remedy. All we promise is, that any person labouring under the malady of an ugly face, may palliate the most distressing symptoms by a diligent use of our remedy; and not propagate the disease, in all its aggravations, to her progeny. It will be, further, a great advantage to any gentleman, who has got a vacant and unmeaning countenance, to be able to look like an alderman, a common-council man, a statesman, an admiral, a general, a poet, a philosopher, or what you will, if he rigorously conforms to our prescriptions, that is to say, he may mould his countenance by degrees into any expression, after he has been taught the right use of his face. — But the cure of ugliness cannot be affected in our days: it is probable that a cure commenced immediately, and pushed diligently thro' ten or twelve successive generations, may be then so far completed, that our posterity in those days shall do honour to our labours, in having no resemblance to us. We of the present day must be content with some slight modifications of countenance, and comfort ourselves with the hope of a handsome faced posterity. For my part I already feel, or fancy I feel, an incipient retrocession in the dimensions of my nose. It is worthy of remark, that some error of my forefathers, propagated no doubt through several successive generations with increasing efficacy, has terminated in me in a most ponderous and unweildy nose, which if permitted to luxuriate through a few more generations, would acquire such redundancy of bulk and dimensions, as must inevitably overtop the whole face, and make my great grand children all nose.

Having premised these necessary observations, we now proceed, like other systematic writers, first to the investigation of the causes of ugliness, and then in order shall prescribe our method of cure.

It must be granted by the most obstinate opponents to our principles, that there now is, always has been, and ever must be an inconceivable variety of countenance in the human species: that individuals are distinguishable from individuals, families from families, nations from nations, the present generation from the past, the past from the preceding one, and so on to father Adam, by the countenance alone, and by this sufficiently, though all agree in the outlines and general structure. This cha-

racterizing difference, which enables us to distinguish any individual from the rest of the human species, may arise from the predominance of a single feature, or from a certain proportion or disproportion in the dimensions of the face, or from a particular modification of the countenance, produced by a combination of all these circumstances. By these, or some such means, no matter what for the present, every individual acquires a character of countenance peculiar to himself, which no other individual ever had, and which probably not one of our descendants ever shall have. The causes which produce, or appear to produce this astonishing variety and modifications of the human countenance, deserve our first consideration, that we may the better comprehend the extent and importance of the physical and moral advantages which may be derived from a judicious management of those causes.

It is by no means necessary, nor indeed is it in our power to demonstrate in what manner the imagination actuates the nervous system, and this the muscles; nor shall we labour to comprehend, what a modern philosopher of great eminence asserts, that the motions of the nervous system, which cause perception, are configurations of the nerves themselves, into exact resemblances and pictures of the objects by which they are stimulated: it is enough for our purpose to know, that the imagination and nerves reciprocally actuate each other, from which arise all the phenomena of tho't and masculine motions; and this we presume no lady or gentleman will dispute: we shall, therefore, leave those remote causes to slumber in the shades of darkness, and consider, what we deem of most importance to the getting a handsome faced posterity,—the proximate causes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

*Under the London head, by the late arrivals, we find the following account of*

#### EXTRAORDINARY EATING.

Three porters were drinking together on Wednesday, when one of them, for the trifling wager of five shillings, undertook to eat the *worsted stockings* which the other two had on, fried in *train oil*, and half a pound of *yellow soap*, by way of bread to the delicate ragout. Strange to tell, he won his wager. The same fellow once before undertook to eat as much tripe as would make himself a jacket; he was accordingly measured by a tailor, and the material cut out, when to the great surprise of every one, he ate up the whole in less than twenty minutes.



FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO HAPPINESS.

"True happiness resides in things unseen."

YOUNG.

Say, meek-ey'd Nymph, aerial charmer say!  
Where dost thou wave thy flowing robes  
of gold?

Thy hidden residence to me unfold:  
O lend one ray to guide me on my way.

Dost thou at courts with vaunting pride re-  
side,

Or in the hermit's antiquated cell?

Dost thou delight with roaring mirth to  
dwell?

Or sport with love on Levi's flow'ry side.

Alas! with me, as \* Tantalus of yore,  
Still as my hand pursues thou slid'st a-  
way!

The shortness of thy fascinating stay,  
But lure the senses and entice the more.

"Presumptuous Man! know this, enough  
to know,

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

EUGENIO.

\* In the region of poetic punishment, the fruits that  
hung around the head of Tantalus, retired from his  
grasp as often as he put forth his hand.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The following lines were occasioned by hearing the Ora-  
tion on Music, pronounced by Mr. NEAL. They are  
the effusions of a very extraordinary little Miss of ten  
years of age; some of her poetical effusions have already  
appeared in the Repository.

ON SACRED MUSIC.

"MUSIC has charms to soothe the savage  
breast,"

And lull the tumults of the mind to rest:  
TO every heart a genial warmth conveys,  
And tunes the soul to sing immortal praise.

In realms of bliss seraphic spirits sing  
Eternal praises to the heav'nly King;

Then should not we our ev'ry effort raise,  
And sing aloud the great Creator's praise?

Our strains, tho' feeble, grateful will arise,  
And float aloft until they reach the skies;

The birds that warble upon ev'ry tree,  
Pour forth their notes in happy harmony;

But man, deluded by an idle dream,  
Despises Music as too mean a theme,

And flies its sacred pleasure;—to enjoy  
The sensual pleasures which must ever cloy.

The Heav'nly Maid for ever is the same,  
While joys of earth sink to an empty name.

In ev'ry nation, and in every clime,  
Music is held as sacred and sublime;

Because, to it the happy pow'r is given,  
To elevate our thoughts and souls to Hea-

ven.

JUNIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

IN PAGE 161.

The texture of Olivia's veil,

A veil she lately o'er TEA threw,

Was calculated to conceal

That charming shurb from vulgar view.

I must confess, it baffled me,

Until a little girl, who heard

The reading, cry'd, it must be TEA,—

Carpets to clean, to soap prefer'd.

TWICE EIGHT.

Simple Method of tempering Pen-knives or a-  
ny Edge Tools of too Brittle a Quality.

Plunge the blade up to the handle in  
boiling fat for two hours, and then, taking  
it out, let it cool gradually. It is said, that  
even bone will not resist an edge thus tem-  
pered.

SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER I.

Are we not *all* ready to confess our faults  
in the plural? yet who does not deny them  
in the singular?

There are things which we are in doubt  
whether to call very good or very bad, tho'  
we are sure they are one or the other. As  
"wit is nearly allied to madness," so there  
is but a very "narrow boundary" between  
the utmost exertions of wit, and the first  
sallies of phrenzy. When Milton talks of  
"visible darkness," of "prodigies produ-  
ced by nature," of "death that lives," and  
"life that dies," we know he has *reached*  
the last verge of propriety—we are apt to  
doubt if he has not *passed* it—So, when Pope  
supposes Newton to be shewn by angels,  
as a monkey is by men, our taste is as much  
in doubt about his propriety, as our judg-  
ment is about that of Milton.

"Friendship is to love, what an engrav-  
ing is to a painting"—True: the brilliant  
colours of the painting fade; the print al-  
ways remains the same till it is annihilated.

Taste is not dangerous, except when  
the pursuit of its objects is the constant em-  
ployment of our time.

Persons must *love something in common*,  
before their love for each other can be du-  
rable. What, except VIRTUE, can we  
love, without fearing that jealousy, or op-  
position of interests, will diminish the warm-  
est friendships.

Dress is a foolish thing, yet it is more  
foolish not to be well-dressed.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 3, 1802.

The Subscribers to the PHILADEL-  
PHIA BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, and  
those who may wish to become subscribers,  
are requested to meet this evening at seven  
o'clock, at the school-room of the *Young  
Ladies' Academy*, in Cherry-street, for the  
purpose of choosing Officers.

Marriages.

'Tis thine, sweet power, to raise the *tho't* sublime,  
Quell each rude passion, and the heart refine—  
Soft are thy hands as Gabriel's gentlest string,  
Mild as the breathing zephyrs of the Spring.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 29th  
ult. by the Rev. William Marshall, Mr.  
Robert Craig, merchant, of Great-Britain,  
to Miss Agnes Young, daughter of Wil-  
liam Young, wholesale stationer, of this  
city....On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J.  
Abercrombie, Mr. Elisha Smith, to Miss  
Sarah Paul, daughter of Mr. Jer. Paul....  
On the 1st inst. at Friend's Meeting, Joseph  
Richardson, of Bucks County, to Mary  
Dixon, daughter of John Dixon, merchant.

Deaths.

....Man, at the hours, swift glides to his end;  
His morning of infancy batten to noon;  
How vain their pursuit tobo for honours contend,  
When the bud of perfection is blasted so soon.  
What avails the wish'd boys, which erst pleasing being,  
That was wont o'er the brows of his manhood to wave:  
From age he must sink to the earth whence he sprung,  
And the muse be forgot in the night of the grave.

DIED...In this City....On the 26th ult.  
Gunning Bedford, Esq. one of the Alder-  
men of this city, *Æt.* 83....On the 27th,  
Zachariah Lesh, senior, *Æt.* 57.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With *Lindor* we regret, that his "sprigs of quality"  
should have so long smothered the cheering sounds  
of the merry "*Sleigh Bell*;" but as those are not of  
American growth, he must allow our suspicions to  
have been justifiable. The season for the appearance  
of his "very pretty" winter pieces is to be sure now  
past, but his prolific muse may find ample employ-  
ment in celebrating the beauties of Spring.

What object would be gained by a publication of  
"*Extempore Doggerel*?" *Peterson*, the writer, best knows  
—It is believed the effect, in the end, would be un-  
pleasant to both parties.

"*Philamor*" shall appear in our next.

"O\*\*\*\*s" last communication will be given as soon as  
we can find convenient room; and with it the con-  
troversy respecting music, dancing and billiards shall  
be closed.

A handsome and correct defence of the *Ladies* would  
be published with promptness; but it is conceived  
"*Sidney's*" does not answer this description.

Until "*Alfonso*" learns more delicacy his "occasional  
correspondence" can be dispensed with.

If "*Vice* is a monster of such horrid mien,  
That to be shewn'd it needs but to be seen,"

why should "*Censor*" press the subject any further.  
Mr. C. should remember that advice may degenerate  
into persecution.



## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SPRING.

BEHOLD! obedient to command divine,  
Refulgent Sol rolls flaming o'er the line,  
To all the world imparts an equal light,  
An equal day to all, and equal night.  
Now winter's blasts the great command obey,  
His storms are hush'd, his frosts all melt away;  
His pow'r no longer binds the frozen floods,  
Nor frosts, nor snows o'erwhelm the leafless woods;  
Returning Spring begins her genial reign,  
Glad all around, enlivens ev'ry scene;  
With blooming verdure cloth'd the fields appear,  
Triumphant Spring reigns o'er the changing year.  
With sounds melodious all the woods resound,  
And notes of joy pervade the air around,  
Refulgent glories gild the vernal morn,  
And blooming flow'rs the smiling fields adorn:  
Now from the bosom of the fertile earth,  
Her richest stores are waken'd into birth;  
Warm'd by the sun, refresh'd by grateful show'rs,  
The vallies teem with herbs, and fruits and flow'rs,  
Refreshing odours float upon the breeze,  
And feather'd songsters fill the leafy trees,  
While ev'ry heart expands with grateful joy,  
And purest rapture beam from ev'ry eye,  
The lowing herds to the green fields repair,  
And bleating flocks, beneath the shepherd's care;  
While ev'ry one begins his wonted toil,  
Some ply the arts, some till the fruitful soil,  
The hardy seaman hoists the spreading sail,  
(Bound o'er the main) to catch the favouring gale.  
Bright summer's sun which with refulgence glows,  
Autumn's rich stores, or winter's storms and snows,  
Fill not my soul with rapture like the Spring,  
Dispelling winter's gloom,—of thee I'll sing.

CARLOS.

*The following piece, we are assured, was written in the time of the snow in February last. Those "gay belles" who were so provident as to seize the fleeting moments of festivity, will, we believe, be gratified by a retrospection of the merry scenes attendant on*

#### THE SLEIGH-BELL.

WHEN blust'ring winter, scowling round,  
Came mounted on his northern blast,  
While streams in icy chains are bound,  
And drizley sleet and snow falls fast;  
And when the frozen traveller's feet  
To move are scarcely able,  
To merry minds the sound how sweet!  
To hear, swift gliding thro' the street,  
The cheery tinkling Sleigh-bell.

See round the fire a social throng,  
The coals stir'd up—safe bar'd the door,  
With lively glee, and mirthful song,  
Drowning the loud wind's hollow roar;

With truth's in ancient history seen  
Or well concerted fable,  
Of wand'ring sprites, by Cynthia's beam—  
Tho' pausing oft, their tales between,  
To listen to the Sleigh-bell.

Reluctant now the young retire  
To where their lonely couches stand,  
Still thinking on the stories dire,  
Of fa'ys and ghosts a hideous band!  
Trembling, each spectre still the fear,  
Or tricks of fairy Mable;  
Each trifling noise appals their ear,  
Till pleas'd—reliev'd—they joyful hear  
The merry, merry Sleigh-bell.

"Good Thomas, quick the sleigh prepare—  
"We'll take the winter as it goes,  
"Safe shelter'd from the cutting air  
"We'll never heed how keen it blows!"  
And now with rapture throbbing high,  
To window flies each gay belle;  
They hear the trampling horses nigh,  
As in a breath they eager cry,  
Hark! hark! I hear the Sleigh-bell.

Like lightning o'er the whiten'd plain,  
Now see the merry sleighers glide;  
Unmindful still they dash amain,  
Whether or good or ill betide;  
Till leaving the bright sparkling snow  
They seek the social table,  
Where song and jest, and laughter flow,  
And bids their hearts with transport glow,  
Till they forget the Sleigh-bell.

Returning by pale Cynthia's light,  
Of perils past they laughing tell,  
Jeering young Jane, who, in her fright,  
In arms of driver Thomas fell:  
Till clam'rous in confusion grown  
They rival that of Babel!  
And driving thro' the gaping town,  
Till safe at home, in ease sat down,  
They hardly hear the Sleigh-bell.

\*\*\*\*\*

Thus tho' the storms of fate may howl,  
Fierce round the head of feeble man;  
Tho' angry winter's hideous scowl  
Should blight his hopes, so fair began;  
Still may the firm and noble mind  
His darkest frowns disable,  
And, sed'ulous, yet a comfort find,  
Tho' thought by some as fleet as wind,  
And trivial as the Sleigh-bell.

LINDOR.

#### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

HOW! Lady Betty fall'n in love!  
What in the name of all above  
Could tempt her fickle mind to fix?  
That which her heav'n of bliss could prove  
What e'en Prudentia's heart could move  
She saw—Sir Harry's coach and six.

LINDOR.

#### STANZAS

TO MARTHA ANN R.....

WHILE flaring bards may carol forth thy praise,  
Extol thy charms in sweet melodious lays:  
Let not the voice of truth be rais'd in vain,  
Tho' no mellifluous notes adorn the strain,  
Ah in thy breast let no resentment dwell!  
I wish to shield thee and their darts repel.  
Tho' rude my lines, and unadorn'd the rhyme,  
I wish to warn thee of the ill of time:  
I own thy worth, then let not these offend,  
Much on our early steps thro' life depend.  
What tho' the bards their utmost skill display,  
To paint thy charms refulgent as the day:  
Ne'er let thy mind their Syren tales believe,  
Too oft alas th' unwary they deceive.  
In various forms will flattery's voice assail,  
Let not its poisons o'er thy heart prevail:  
But let thy sense thy passions prune with care,  
Thus in the morn of life for eve prepare.  
Oft hath the sun arose, the sky serene,  
And scarce a floating vapour to be seen;  
Yet ere its beams have spent their parting ray,  
The low'ring clouds o'ercast the face of day.  
Thus tho' the opening morn of youth is clear,  
Soon may the clouds and storms of life appear:  
Tho' all around may seem serenely bright,  
Soon may distress the fairest prospects blight,  
E'en should th' afflicting hand of sorrow spare,  
Nor want of health e'er cause one anxious care;  
Soon must the ruddy streams of life run slow,  
Till chill'd by age, they quite forget to flow.  
'Tis worth our thoughts, howe'er the vain deride,  
Moments and years in quick succession glide;  
E'en rugged oaks, the pride of trees, decay,  
Youth's bloom declines, its glories fade away.

P.

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ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN PAGE 160.

BEFORE Jehovah the creation will'd!  
When solemn silence o'er the darkness reign'd,  
Nothing it was the boundless space that fill'd,  
And that alone the first form'd star sustain'd.  
Nothing can cause the saint to break his word,  
By Atheists worshipp'd, and its pow'r rever'd!  
The coward mind at nothing draws his sword,  
And that alone the brave man ever fear'd.  
The meek scorn nothing, as from scorn they're free;  
Nothing is often by the vain possess'd,  
The deaf they hear it, and the blind they see;  
Nothing can give the troubl'd conscience rest.  
Than Wisdom's self, sure nothing can be wiser,  
And nothing is to ev'ry blockhead known;  
It's freely giv'n by the closest miser,  
Kept by the wasteful prodigal alone.  
Nothing's like vice deform'd, or virtue fair!  
That's oft the courtier's loss, the patriot's gain,  
The author's purse, the coxcomb's frequent care,—  
And that I hope you'll grant me for my pains.

AMANDA.

\*None of the Answers received have satisfactorily explained how nothing is "the courtier's loss." There is either a defect in this part of the Enigma, or the idea of the original proposer is not understood.

A like Answer has been received from OLIVIA, TWIST- EIGHT, ANELIA, and T. W. de la TIENDA;—most of whom have written well—upon NOTHING!